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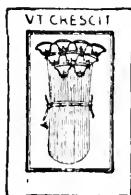
Charades

By

Norman D. Gray

How poor are they that have not patience

Shakespeare



Boston and New York

Lamson, Wolfe, and Company

M•DCCC•XC•VI

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Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

TO

My Mother

WHOSE INGENUITY HAS FINALLY BAFFLED MINE
IN EVERY INSTANCE

This Little Book

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

CHARADES are not for the moment, to be read and cast aside, but furnish amusement for hours together, round the open fire of winter, or at the summer picnic.

The writing of this collection has been a pleasant intellectual exercise, and the author's hope is that his readers—and co-workers—may derive as much entertainment from the little volume as it has afforded him.

I ✓

EUTERPE and her sisters are my first ;
My second will allay a parching thirst ;
A parallelopipedon has sides
Which are my third, and here a law abides :
My whole a bond, as will at once appear,
Which joins this booklet to the present year.

II

MY second's very low indeed ;
My first is very high :
Some say, " My whole is what we need ! "
And show my third thereby.

III ✓

WITH the advent of evening
My first is at rest,
As the roseate glory
Dissolves from the west.

Though this morning the Hyades
Rose with the sun,
And thus with their second
The day was begun,

From my whole to this evening
The sky has been clear,
So I judge that the rain is
Not startlingly near.

IV

THE King, his father, Hamlet termed my first ;
But by my second would denote himself ;
Father and son alike were of my third :
My whole's a copy of my first, — an elf.

V

MY last reversed
Becomes my first:
My whole maintains
The driving-reins.

VI

HAD I my first, I would not choose
My whole's career within the ring.
I'd really rather court the muse,
Or even learn to play and sing.

Forever and my next to be
Compelled to cut such capers for
The savage joy and fiendish glee
Of men — and women, too — galore,

Is more than I could undergo.
To face such peril is absurd,
And certainly no joke, you know, —
Or last, to use an old-time word.

A burglar, now, is used to shock,
He might enjoy this foreign rôle ;
But, after all, to pick a lock
Does not commend him for my whole.

VII

M^Y first and last in the key of C
Become *instante* C and D:
My whole at fifteen made his start,
And in two years won fame in art.

VIII

My First.

IN summer time among the trees
I catch the passing ear,
And float along on every breeze
Wherever birds are near.

My Second.

As doth the little busy bee
Toil on from flower to flower,
So hasten I as busily,
Improving every hour.

My Whole.

I'm very sure you know of me.
I walk upon the stage,
A newly made celebrity,
And very much the rage.

IX

TEN times my first's one-tenth my last:
My whole describes a wintry blast.

X

MY first is what all men are called ;
My second is a title due
To gentlemen more aged than you ;
Charles Dickens' Fat Boy all appalled
Whenever he my third did do :
To do my whole are taught by rule
Both girls and boys at every school.

XI

A CALENDOGRAPHER may take
My first from seven letters ;
My second is a little cake
That shines among its betters ;

Although my third may honor Fo
'Tis scarcely sacerdotal :
I once observed a cake-walk, so
Would like to see my total.

XII

MY first is in Germany jauntily worn,
As a gay colored badge by the student up-
borne ;

Without it the muskets by patriots used
In the sixties could never have terror infused ;
“Make a plural of me,” my second might say,
“And you have what the Irishman takes at mid-
day.”

In my third, as 'tis often pronounced, children find
More delight than do persons of more mature mind ;
But when rightly pronounced it is first of its tribe
To appear in the practice of every scribe :
My whole you may see in the legends of old,
For so were knights armored we're frequently told.

XIII

HE was my first to her ;
My third would join them soon :
He placed my whole upon her hand
To show his second boon.

XIV

HOW well I recall
The excitement and thrill
Of the deeds of my all !

I can think of them still

As I did when a lad.

How well he could lie !
The adventures he had
With Munchausen's can vie.

I've been told that my first
Is engendered by lies,
But my judgment's reversed
In the case of such nice

And original skill.

'Tis my last, I admit,
To employ them for ill.
But for good? Not a whit!

XV

MY whole's a famous charioteer
Whose skill could scarcely be surpassed.
I wonder what his first would be
Should he descend to drive my last?

XVI

THE mad wind blowing from the sea
Is damp and chill.
My thoughts, my total, turn to thee,
My dim eyes fill.

The Fog Fiend drops his cloak around ;
The mist drives fast.
The great pines plain with mournful sound
Beneath my last.

Old Ocean's sobs upheave his breast.
I hear his moan,
As on I move, and find no rest,
For I'm alone.

My simple first is not profound
To bury me
Within myself. My heart is bound
To Germany.

XVII

M^Y last was beaten in his first
Until, poor man, his total burst.

XVIII

A MONKEY seized my whole, so runs the tale,
To save my last—his own, of course—from
fire.

Take warning here, all ye my first, nor fail,
If you he'd make my whole of, to retire.

XIX

MY sweetheart sits beneath the trees,
My first beside her plate,
The which she eats, then takes some cream,
And bids my second wait.

My patience gone, I cry at last:
“My dearest girl, have done!”
“My whole,” demurely she replies,
Then turns to pluck me one.

XX

MY first a species of the skate ;
My last one-half an em of type :
My whole in Scotland won the hate
Of all who feared its deadly gripe.

XXI

A GERMAN lad and lassie
Loved my first, as Germans do,
But its aggravating waters
Ever rolled between the two.

They had found a place, however,
They could cross from last to last;
Here they met and here they courted
As the hours of summer passed.

And before the winter reached them
She had plighted him her troth,
And declared that from her finger
My complete should ne'er come off.

XXII

MY first is high; my second low:
My whole possesses but one toe.

XXIII

THE breeze is fled.
The sun has lost his chance
To lift the traveller's cloak.
With pattering pants

My lonely first
Crosses the dusty road,
Wherein the tumble-bug
Toils with his load.

Above the dirt
The waves of trembling heat
Are like a dry flood spread,
Parching the feet.

The birds scarce chirp.
My second bees hum by,
Each bound for home. No cloud
Is in the sky.

My whole is heard,
And from the distant hills
A rumble rises, which
The tense air thrills,

And promises
A rain to wet the clay,
And lave the arid brow
Of passing day.

XXIV

M^Y first a plough for draining lands;
My last a curse to contrabands:
My whole is worn upon the hands.

XXV

MY first has four legs and a tail,
An animal whose sex is male;
My last is clothed in naked skin
Quite lacking tail, which seems a sin:
My whole is very like my last,
And furnishes a fine repast.

XXVI

THE stray cur's mouth my second forms,
And from his throat my first is heard.
He's lost in thought and dreams of home,
When suddenly he's in my third:
His hour has come, — poor little soul.
Let them, at least, not use my whole.

XXVII

^v
MY first and last an alphabetic twain :
My whole a goddess and a mortal bane ;
A patronizer of the curse of Cain.

XXVIII

IN autumn when the woods are brown
My total drops from bush and tree.
My second bows the neat-herd down,
Who, plodding homeward wearily,

His old eyes lowered as he goes,
Observes my first, with many a mate,
The most of which will tell, he knows,
The way the wind has blown of late.

XXIX

MY first is dark ;
My second round :
My whole may mark
A hate profound.

XXX

MY first may swim within my first,
And climb my first as well.

My first, the color of his horse,

Grows green within the dell.

My last, a lover of the flowers,

Must not mistake my whole

For one, and force it to enact

A most unpleasant rôle.

XXXI ✓

MY last is father to my first :
My whole a royal queen has nursed.

XXXII

I HAVE drunk my fill of sadness,
From my heart has flown all gladness,
And my mind's aw whirl with madness.

And my withered first with sorrow
Greets the coming of the morrow,
Yearns from Hell relief to borrow.

Were I now my last, would any
For my whole, among the many
Friends I own, advance one penny?

Ancient custom though my whole be,
Why endeavor to control me
If such dreaming can console me?

XXXIII

MY first is a letter that every one knows ;
My last is as plain as the nose on your
face :

The more you my whole it the plainer it grows.

But here I will leave it for others to trace.

XXXIV

2

I SEE my first upon the door.
For what do I my second?
It is my third to mark my score,
For this I hadn't reckoned:
If mugs of beer will break me up,
I'll drink my total from a cup.

XXXV

MY second's needed by my first
To make it fit to eat;
My third's a Scottish water-fall:
My whole is very sweet.

XXXVI ✓

O If Mag she's mine, an' she's a peach.
De blokes 'ad better let her be.

Dey get de secon', I'll get de first,

Oh Maggie, she's de last for me!

W'ats dat dere t'ing de poets write

W'en dey're in love wid a gal like mine?

Wished I cud make it, she'd get de whole,

By golly, wouldn't dat be fine!

XXXVII

TWO quadrupeds one biped make —
A little horse, a rodent small:—
My whole would gladly eat my first,
But would not touch my last at all.

XXXVIII -

MY first is a fortress ;
My last to impede :
My whole is sufficient
In less pressing need.

XXXIX

BEFORE the French Conquest my first ruled
Algiers ;

My second the last of its clan :

A nation of poets in me saw their God,

And my name in their hearts began.

XL

BELINDA stands within the porch, —
My first has come and gone, —
Admires the greenness of the vines,
The freshness of the lawn.

Her eyes turn towards the distant town
And seem to seek my last.
Her anxious gaze now scans the road,
But not a soul has passed.

A smile at length lights up her face,
For over yonder hill
She spies my whole. The scene would tax
A master-painter's skill.

XLI

MY first may be short, but never too long ;
My second with truth is instilled, though
not good :

My whole is a man who is short and morose,
And wouldn't be gracious nor kind if he could.

XLII

THE wealth of nations from my first has come ;
My second is a leaf of ruddy gold :
My whole's the store-house of a wealth untold,
Except my first be lacking to the sum.

XLIII

ONE-HALF of a dance is all my first;
One-fifth of my second a sea:
One-fifth of my whole at far Madras
One hundred pounds should be.

XLIV

IN guessing my first you will laughingly say
It was truly an easy find,
For joined to my second it heads an array
Of a most familiar kind.

My second has often arisen to cheer
And console the despairing athlete.
Dan Chaucer of old might allude to the deer
As my second so timid and fleet.

My whole is a book, and it tells of a man
Who was holder of bowls of gold.
All wedlock with strangers was under his ban, —
But of this in the book you are told.

XLV

MY first's my second, in the past:
In whist we like my whole to last.

XLVI

MY second lives within my first
And eats it till you think he'll burst.
But if my total finds him there
He grinds his teeth and tears his hair,
Because my total hates my last,
And loves my first, — the rogue's repast.
Now, what is very odd, though true,
My total is my second too.

XLVII

A PRINCE of Denmark was my first ;
My last a kind of square :
My whole, though nice, would never do
For mortals' daily fare.

XLVIII

MY first's a kind of fish and fowl ;
Of box, of berry, rake and owl ;
Of polyp, and a kind of wood
I wouldn't purchase if I could ;
Of locust and, to end them all,
Of Scottish crops and alcohol.

My last's a kind of fish and bird ;
Of wheat, of berry, weed and herb ;
Of man, of doctor, boy and tree ;
Of gate, of parsley, grass and pea ;
Of bell, of bunting, pony, path ;
Of plant, and here you have but half.

My whole's a city and a state ;
A government whose fame is great.
It has for years been richer made
By manufacturing and trade.
A railway centre and the home
Of many a wondrous spire and dome.

XLIX

MY first's a kind of fish and fowl ;
Of book, of swivel, bug and owl ;
Of lead, of silver, plate and box ;
Of snake, of madness, bar and pox ;
Of drum, of blower, pike and pout ;
Of card, and much that I leave out.

My last's a kind of fish and stay ;
Of stone, of metal, wood and clay ;
Of stick, of staple, stem and vine ;
Of tongs, of cutter, wrench and line ;
Of box, of office, organ, vein ;
Of tree, and many yet remain.

My whole's an instrument of Wales
We read about in merry tales.
In use for years ere we were born,
It grew into the English horn.
A kind of music, but perchance
'Tis more familiar as a dance.

L

MY first is head of an English tribe,
And often leads a German band.
But none of the tribe are like my last,
Nor can the Germans play nor stand.
My whole is heard in speech and song;
My first, the latter case makes Dutch,
The former English, though some folk
Will not in this case have it such.

LI

MY first is in my second;
Five hundred cents my third;
My whole is never fitting
To be or seen or heard.

LII

BY low, my baby, my pretty one, sleep,
The shades of my first, with their mystery,
fall,

Whilst down through the window the Pleiades peep,
The silent old moon is exploring the hall.

Shut tight little peepers, that fairies may come,
To tell of the wonderful countries that be ;
Of the goodies that grow in the gardens of Sun.
Strange sights fill my second that dreamers may
see.

Old Nurse may my third, but Mother will sing
Of the sounds that enchant the wee slumbering
ear ;
Of stories that fairies from Dreamland will bring
To whisper them softly that baby may hear.

And Mother will sing of the legends of old,
Of my whole, and the glory and fame that he
won.

How he gained many conquests, and silver and
gold :—

Now sleep, little birdling, for Mother is done.

LIII

A FAR beneath the western sun
My second to my first was wed.
'Tis strange what put it in his head
My lazy total to become.

LIV

MY first the mottled light and shade
That beautifies mahogany ;

Admiring eyes are loth to see
My last upon its surface made :
My whole an imp with tail and claws,
And everything he sees he gnaws.

LV

TO one of ten add one of twelve ;
To these add one of ten ;
One, two, and three, you have a fruit
First eaten by free men.

LVI

SHOULD you my first for silver sell
You would my last the buyer.
To sell it for my whole were well,
But not for something higher.

LVII

WHILST fishing in my first you may
My first some fine fish there,
Which can be cooked within my first
To equal royal fare.

My second was at one time used
To mark the triple time.
Though now in music not employed,
’Tis seen in prose and rhyme.

My next’s a grain that horses eat,
Of which you may have heard:
My whole, if weighed, you’d find to be
One thousand times my third.

LVIII

I AM my first and second, too ;
My third is something sweet :
My whole I might describe to you
As one of several feet.

LIX

PRAY take me, I go on feet ;
Take me, too, I'm like a K :
Placed in one way we are sweet ;
Quite a man the other way.

LX

M^Y first is a chief;
My second a toe:
My whole is a book
You certainly know.

LXI

My First

I BRAVE with glee the tossing sea
And whistle through the rain.
My sleepy sough has proved enough
For many seamen's gain.

I'm borne in state among the great,
And carried by the poor.
I'm prized by all since Adam's fall,
By Christian, Greek, and Moor.

My Second

And I am found the wide world round
In water, earth, and air,
In Germany or gay Paris,
Go seek, and find me there.

Long years ago, as you may know,
They said I was a dog's,
And curiously I'm said to be
Quite often found in frogs.

My Whole

Now look at me and you will see
A lord, a nobleman.
No British churl, no duke nor earl,
Nor any of their clan.

I skim the sea full merrily
In sunshine and in storm.
In Flanders I am wont to lie,
A sloop of curious form.

LXII

MY first a kind of board ;
My second we apply
To plains of verdant sward :
My whole will mortify.

LXIII

“ I HAVE my second and my first,”
You may with truth declare ;
The smallest island is my third :
My whole a china ware.

LXIV

M^Y first is one of five;
My total one of one;
My second, two of twenty-six,
Declares a race begun.

LXV

MY first's true past can ne'er be known,
Look when you will, 'tis always new;
My second's past is rightly shunned:
My whole no doubt's possessed by you.

For it is had by rich and poor,
And constantly is bought and sold;
'Tis often prized by sage and fool,
And useful to both young and old.

Now, if my first my second's you,
And you do not my second first,
Just form a notion of them both,
And you have then my whole rehearsed.

LXVI

MY first a certain kind of shark;
My last a little lad:
My whole, a high-toned instrument,
In gardens may be had.

LXVII ✓

M^Y second and my first are one:
At every birth my whole's begun.

LXVIII

IN the rushes by the river
Where my first uplifts its head,
See my second dance and quiver
O'er the river in its bed.

See my first about in legions,
And my second everywhere.
Who would join them in these regions
As a well-assorted pair?

But, alas, they are united
In my whole by human art;
And my second, when invited,
Feeds upon my first's true heart.

LXIX

MY first a poet, scholarly, retiring;
My second the result of rapid firing:
My whole a chisel, curiously indented,
Whose loss to sculptors would be much lamented.

LXX

MY first a perfect letter ;
My second just as good :
The more of me the better
For Dentists' livelihood.

LXXI

I BUILT my house upon my last.
So sudden was its fall,
And so surprisingly my first,
It must have been my all.

LXXII

ADD to my first an insect small;
A perfect circle you have named.
Another insect placed before
Is a southern realm, remote and famed.

Before my second place a bug;
To many men this proves a blight.
Upon my whole ten thousand gaze
In awe and wonder every night.

LXXIII

MY first some Asiatics love to chew ;
My second men and also canines own ;
My third a farce whose characters are true :
My whole an actor, dumb as any stone.

LXXIV

UPROSE the bubble of my first
To shake a kingdom when it burst.

With many millions of my next
They had not been so sore perplexed.

The blow falls as the people stand
My third a loss throughout the land.

My whole's in royal households found,
And reigns alone till underground.

LXXV

MY first is foremost of a fleet;
My second is a ditch or mound:
My whole a scalloped cape, which may
In paintings by my whole be found.

LXXVI ✓

IN America my whole lies
On the coast of Maine.
Vessels seeking here my second
In my first remain.

LXXVII

M^Y first is a delicious bird;
My total is not less;
And as my last is less than both
There is no simpler guess.

LXXVIII

POOB old Ribsy gulped my total,
But, alas, it proved my first.
What a horse to try my second!
What a pity 'tis he burst!

LXXIX

M^Y second and my first a brig:
My whole a reckless, lawless prig.

LXXX

BENEATH my second — far too large —
My hidden first remains;
And so my whole must stick to fruit,
He cannot reach my brains.

LXXXI

MY last was made. Who stole it?
My first, old Mother Goose declares.
With others to my whole it
He must have caught them unawares.

LXXXII

MY weary whole would look my last
Were he obliged to bolt my first.
I see this lonely, holy man,
With nose turned up, and thin lips pursed.

LXXXIII

THAT my first should be a female fox
Will seem to you absurd,
Till you've set my second after her,
For then you will have heard.

From an eastern palm my whole is drawn,
And from it is prepared
A liquor sweet and spirituous,
For which I never cared.

LXXXIV

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
My first the shepherd blows his nail;
A man who never wore my all,
My last would make his pal grow pale.

LXXXV

BUT when the sun was low in the West,
My first arose and said:—

“What little sense I once possessed
Has quite gone out of my head!”

I wonder if he wanders still
By lake and forest, marsh and hill,
Somewhere in valley or in plain
To find his Jumbly Girl again!

Playing a pipe with silvery squeaks,
In my last high pitched, his Girl he seeks,
And because by night he could not see,
He gathered the bark of the Twangum Tree,
On the flowery plain that grows,
And he wove him a wondrous Nose.
A nose as strange as a nose could be!
And here is a query, as you'll agree:
Was the man who wrote all this and more
A scholar, my whole, or a Chankly Bore?

LXXXVI

FOOLS fear my first and seem to be
Forever on my last for fate.
My whole a bug whose minstrelsy
My first is to prognosticate.

LXXXVII

STRAIGHT like an arrow to my first,
Amid a silvery shower
Of song, my startled total burst
From yonder leafy bower.

My merry last, the ploughman's clock,
Not only poets praise
Thy skill, the shepherd leaves his flock
To hearken to thy lays.

LXXXVIII

MY first a hearty old sea dog
Who wants my last to move around.
Upon his healthy sun-browned skin
My whole's not likely to be found.

LXXXIX

MY first drops down.
The ship drives fast,
And scuds along
Before my last,

Although my second
Are her sails.
No prayer to hear
My whole avails.

Though to my first
All such belong,
No middle ocean
Knows her song.

XC ✓

TAKE a little ore,
Add the merest trifle:
You have made a fish
Very hard to stifle.

XCI

TO make my whole
Take this receipt:
A kind of wood
Subject to heat.

It will my first,
If kept from air,
Until you have
My second there.

XCII

MY first is one ;
My second five :
My total four
And all alive.

XCI

A STATELY river flows before
My second on a sloping shore.
As I my first upon the stream,
Of past years and my whole I dream.
'Twas long ago I viewed this place,
The home of my ancestral race.
My second now is crumbling fast,
I can but see its day is past.
'Twould almost seem to have a soul.
Its very ruin breathes my whole.

XCIV

DID music from my first arise
Where Addison and Steele once met
At my complete their jolly set,
Whilst Christopher my last served pies?

New York is now my total's home,
Whose name a canvas has acquired ;
My last is hated and admired ;
My first the artist calls his own.

XCv

MY first is round and green and sweet ;
My second is a witty man :
My whole is laughing, green, and neat, —
A gull since first its life began.

XCVI

IN the circle of my whole we sit.
Listen to the wind around the house.
Telling tales of bravery and wit,
Hushed to hear the scratching of a mouse.

As the hour of midnight draws apace,
And my second flickers with the wind,
And a ghastly glimmer lights each face,
Then old ghostly legends come to mind.

On the stroke of twelve my first at last
Hesitates, then wavers and falls dead.
Hours have scarce been heeded as they passed.
Cider once around, and then to bed!

KEY

ONE always feels a satisfaction in knowing when one is right. The object of the key here given is, without assisting in the solution of the charades, to furnish a test for the accuracy of the answers obtained.

The method employed is as follows:

The letters of the alphabet are numbered from one to twenty-six. By adding the numbers of the first, middle, and last letters of a given answer, a sum is obtained, which is placed opposite to that charade in the key. In case the word contains an even number of letters, the first of the two middle ones is used.

It is necessary to add that in the present volume, though the words are in every case correctly divided, the spelling of the syllables is generally disregarded and their pronunciation employed instead.

Regarding one or two of my charades, I may say with "Mother Goose," in the case of her "Peacock with a fiery tail": "Mind your punctuation."

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

1	58	96	25	21	49	27	73	36	<i>London</i>
2	22		26	37	50	28	74	35	
3	42	<i>sunrise</i>	27	26	51	17	75	31	<i>Greenwich</i>
4	36		28	23	52	51	76	40	<i>Portland</i>
5	58		29	25	53	34	77	50	
6	35		30	28	54	42	78	28	
7	24		31	20	55	48	79	13	
8	54		32	51	56	46	80	30	
9	37		33	31	57	39	81	49	
10	39		34	23	58	41	82	36	
11	10		35	31	59	{ 56 19	83	49	
12	9		36	43	60	32	84	32	
13	55		37	38	61	45	85	43	
14	37		38	46	62	19	86	20	<i>Waltham</i>
15	40		39	38	63	21	87	42	<i>Sheepshott</i>
16	35		40	55	64	27	88	50	
17	22		41	49	65	48	89	28	<i>Winstanley</i>
18	45		42	25	66	53	90	45	<i>Winstanley</i>
19	35		43	42	67	34	91	33	<i>Winstanley</i>
20	36		44	32	68	50	92	56	<i>Winstanley</i>
21	28		45	47	69	22	93	24	<i>Winstanley</i>
22	39		46	26	70	32	94	51	
23	44		47	38	71	32	95	59	<i>Winstanley</i>
24	32		48	55	72	33	96	38	<i>Winstanley</i>

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"'96 CHARADES" ANSWERS.

1	Ninety-six	58	49	Hornpipe	27
2	High License	22	50	Amen	28
3	Sunrise	42	51	Indecence	17
4	Manikin	36	52	Knight-errant	51
5	Terret	58	53	Squaw-man	34
6	Picador	35	54	Rodent	42
7	Dore	24	55	Tomato	48
8	Trilby	54	56	Tinsel	46
9	Icy	37	57	Kilogram	39
10	Mensurate	39	58	Iambus	41
11	Abundance	10	59	Tokay, Cato	56-19
12	Cap-a-Pie	9	60	Canto	32
13	True-love-knot	55	61	Boyar, Boyer	45
14	Sinbad	37	62	Gangrene	19
15	Phoebus	40	63	Haviland	21
16	Lorraine	35	64	Ego	27
17	Ear-drum	22	65	Notion	48
18	Cats-paw	45	66	Hautboy	53
19	Kiss-me	35	67	Eon	34
20	Maiden	36	68	Rush-light	50
21	Rhinestone	28	69	Gradin	22
22	High-low	39	70	Decay	32
23	Curfew	44	71	Quicksand	32
24	Mole-skin	32	72	Arc-light	33
25	Bull-frog	21	73	Pantomime	36
26	Bayonet	37	74	Laureate	35
27	Ate	26	75	Vandyke	31
28	Leafage	23	76	Portland	40
29	Blackball	25	77	Knotless	50
30	Baby	28	78	Humbug	28
31	Man-child	20	79	Brigand	13
32	Soul-shot	51	80	Earwig	30
33	Explain	31	81	Espy	49
34	Chocolate	23	82	Pilgrim	36
35	Mandolin	31	83	Toddy	49
36	Madrigal	43	84	Dickey	32
37	Titmouse	38	85	Donkey	43
38	Fortlet	46	86	Death-watch	20
39	Daisy	38	87	Sky-lark	42
40	Rainbow	55	88	Salt-rheum	50
41	Crusty	49	89	Nightingale	28
42	Brain-pan	25	90	Sculpin	45
43	Candy	42	91	Charcoal	33
44	Ezra	32	92	Ivy	56
45	Seesaw	47	93	Romance	24
46	Bookworm	26	94	Kit-Cat	51
47	Dainty	38	95	Pewit	59
48	Moscow	55	96	Firelight	38

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